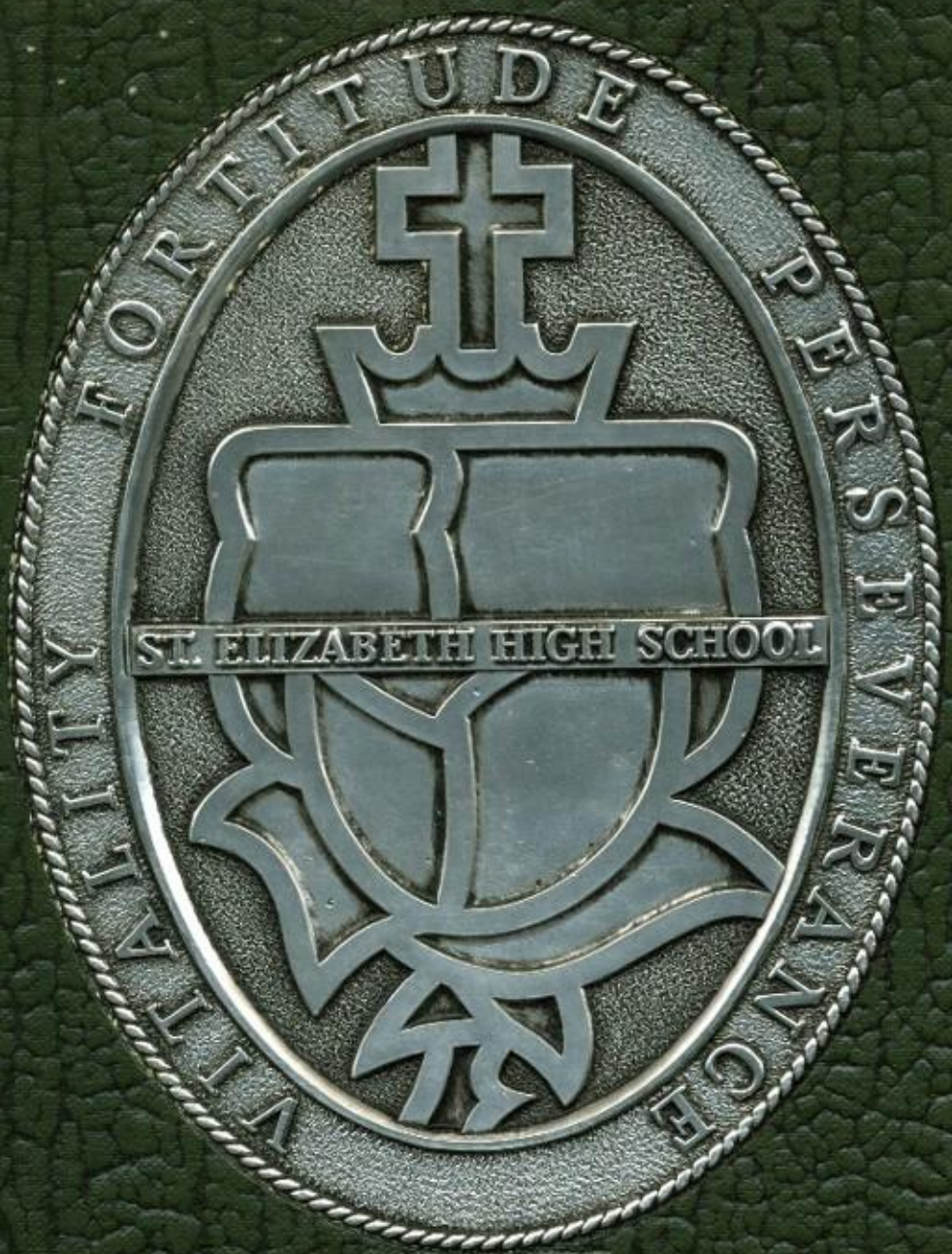


Thuringian

1968

Sandra,
Without you
our sophmore year
would have gone dead.
You're a great guy.
Jon
'70"

Sandy,
To the dumbest campaign
manager I know. You always
pick the losers. But even so
you're one of the best kids in
half-note class. Good Luck
Pete

Sandra,
To a really nice
kid in the
"class of '70".
L.S.B.A.
Claudia
"70"

Sandy,
To a cool
kid I met in
typing. Keep your
head. Love ya
always.
Kathy
'69"

Sandra,
To one of the
best sophomores
here at S.E.H.
Good luck in all
that you do.
Connie

Sandra:
To our next
vice-president
of the sophomore
class.
Good luck
Norma

Sandy
To a real nice
sophomore. Have
your self a ball.
Penny
'69

Sandra,
to my
almost nameless.
Don't forget to write me
from Italy Sandy

Sandra,
To the boy who
is taking me to Italy this
summer. You better not
forget.

B. M. A.
Stars

Sandy,
The official Sophomore
class dumber. Keep up the
Good luck.
Chuck

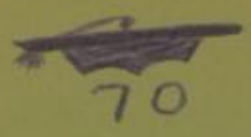
To a crack
S. U. N. diplomat.
Was that crack or
crackpot?
Monty
"70"

SANDRA
Stay in English
class you'll get far
Love
Jim F. A. P. 70

Sandra
To a nice kid
in the class
of '70. Stay
as nice as
you are.
Debbie '70

To Sandy,
Watch out for
deserts!
M. D. Yorkin

Sandra
Have a good summer
Paul Bernum
S.U.N.
and
Margaret Anglin


70

Thuringian

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1968

editor
rosemarye roth

photographs by terrace arcade studio

involvement

"well, it all goes back to about three summers ago. it didn't just happen, but i never became aware of it until then.

"when i was a kid, there were my brothers and sisters and the other kids on my street, and my dog. we'd always be organizing 'helping-hand clubs' or setting up kool-aid stands. i'd watch t.v. and look at magazines and be so impressed with all the people and what they were doing. one thing, i hated to listen to the news.

"but anyway, that summer i became conscious that all these people around me were involved with things and ideas, and i was involved with these people. i saw that each person was unique, but his individuality didn't isolate him. everybody depended on everybody else because they were people. people needed to love other people, and they needed me, just as i needed them. people were so involved with each other that a riot could break out in chicago and everybody here would be tense for days. or, the basketball team was going for a class b championship and you could feel the spirit vibrating in the halls.

"i learned i didn't find love in my first kiss, and that the only great lovers weren't tristram and isolde when my neighbor died of malaria in the jungles of thailand.

"i went more places on my own, like shopping and art galleries, and being friendly was like—encountering the world, know what i mean?

"when you're young, about the only things you're involved with can be

kept in a corner of your room, but as you grow, so does your corner. so many weird and groovy things are happening so fast, that the only way to stabilize yourself is to take things that are special to you so you'll always have these moments with you: clothes, cars, calls, cool. all these things were a sign of independence. i'd save my babysitting money to buy my own clothes and i'd be proud that i didn't have to ask my parents for money. when i got my license, i never felt freer than when i had the car for an hour. i'd live for weekends. we'd go on dates: to the movies or to dinner. school wasn't just a place to go any more, i really wanted to learn everything i was taught.

"i thought about how people gave their lives for their beliefs. i never thought about whether i had any or not, but i knew that i lived in a free country, and that was something i wouldn't let anyone take away from me. 100 years ago i'd probably be sticking my neck out that window with barbara fritchie. equality was a fact, not a queston, and i'd show anyone who asked. i live in a time of peace, so what is all this talk about co-existence? i've started now to read newspapers and listen to the news. i never doubted God, but i wondered if He knew what was going on. now i know He does.

"anyway, after all this thinking about what i was and what i am now, i thought about what i'll be. then i discovered that right now is my future and my involvement today will determine what tomorrow will be."

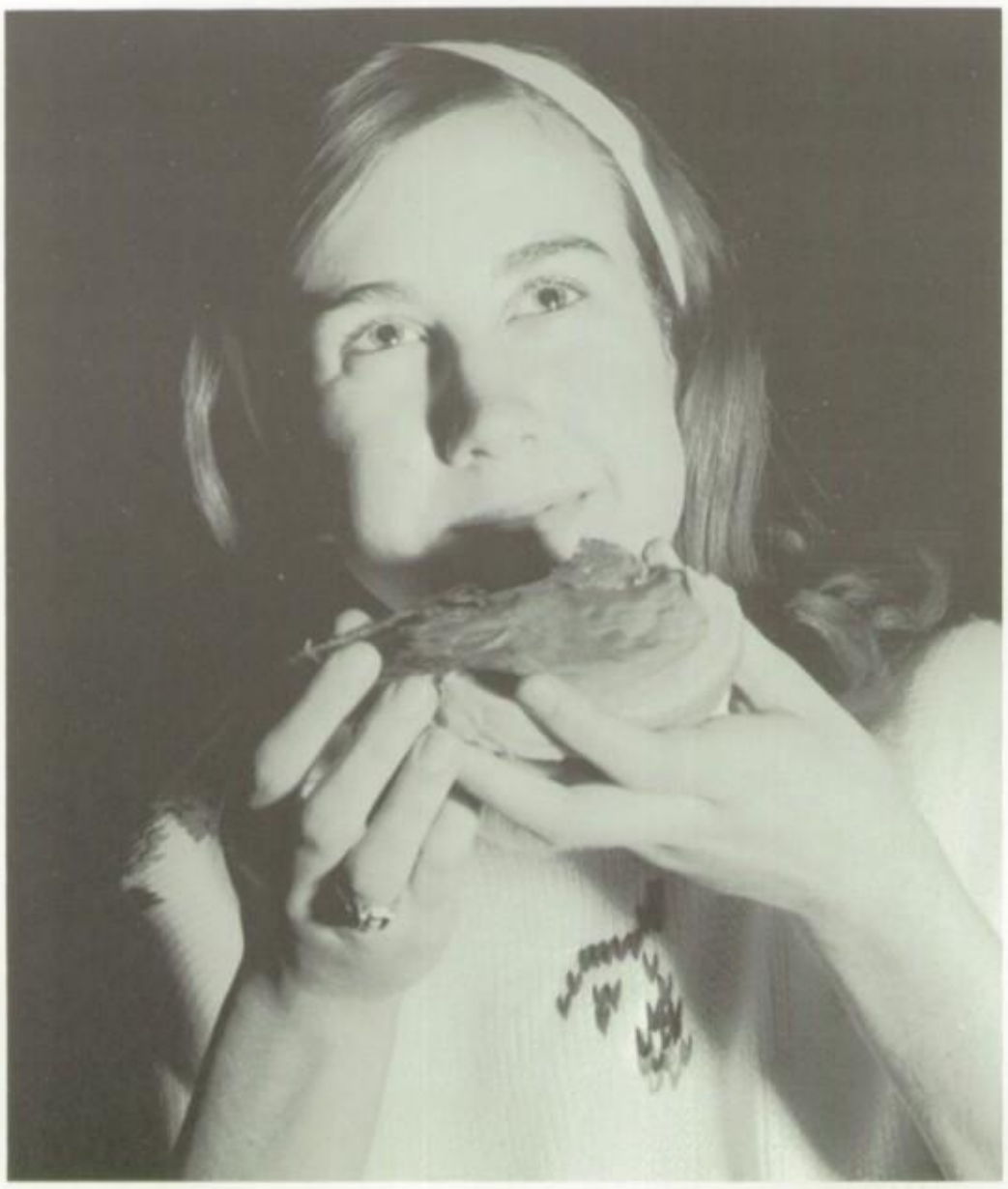
on occasion i'll find myself
in a conversation with a person so much "older and wiser"
and he'll ask me,
"what do you want to be when you grow up?"
and i'll say,
"oh, i don't know."
and that person will make
the usual remark,
"you'll be old soon. it's getting pretty late, you know."
so what?
it's getting late . . .
that is my perogative.
i want only to be young once;
i will only be young once,
and now i am young.
so let me alone and let me be young.
and being young is not worrying about what i will "be" later on.
let me do things that may seem crazy,
and live with my petty trivia,
and do the things that i can do now,
the little things that matter to me now,
and not wish later that i had done them—
now, while i'm young.

alan romanoski

FIRST EDITION
BEATLES
SEVENTEEN
SEVENTEEN
BARBARA PURTELL

i had a childhood coat;
i took it off somewhere along, the
street of years.
i can still feel its heaviness;
i can still feel the sleeves wiping
away childhood tears.

denise witmer



a group of children were playing,
playing as children do,
in the grass and trees and sun and shade.
the air was filled by the chatter
of their little, incoherent gurglings.
they ran and jumped and sang.
one bright child especially held the favor of the others.
he had a certain gift,
a gift which no one was aware of,
but a gift which had a compelling effect
on the others.
one cannot say that he was superior,
but one can say that he was something special,
something good.
the others felt this presence,
and casually ignored it:
it was not theirs.
besides,
if they were as pure and innocent
as children were to be,
they would not care.
so, they sacrificed themselves,
they associated with him in spite of this presence,
in spite of the fact that he was not of them.
for they were the pious;
they were the humble;
they were the good.
so this gifted child was a cordial outcast,
a freak,
an unreality in a real world.
the other children had their code;
but freaks cannot fit into a code,
because they are freaks.
but children are innocent.
but the freak offended them.
he accused them of such unthinkable things:
of hate and greed and envy and hypocrisy.
(aren't all children innocent?)
their piety and humility could not be so offended–
o God, no!
children are innocent.
such evil persons cannot pollute the poor with lies!
it is not evil to hate a freak,
to kill him,
and leave him to rot!
freaks have no rights,
not even the right to live.
but children are innocent,
even if they murder one another.
that is the code.

alan romanoski

watch the children playing;
their ignorance is bliss.
they are so happy, so contented.
they will learn;
the world is not a sandbox.

watch the children playing;
they are so contented.
but suddenly a cry,
"mommy, he hit me with a shovel!"
they learn too quickly;
society is a good teacher.

karen talarico

i want a friend
to talk to me,
to walk with me,
and i with him:
over paths of rock,
over clouds to fly,
walk in the forest
green and gold.
i would give him my understanding
and he would understand me,
hand and hand through the rain.
to give–
to not fear to give.
to believe in someone.
i ask too much.
myself–
to forget;
to care for another
with every fiber–
with heart and soul–
look to the trees:
every tree growing,
swaying, changing,
to glorify God.
each leaf loves Him.
we love Him through love of others.

a way,
a simple way.
only to look–
to find it;
to find truth;
understanding;
a person–
to understand–
who understands.

barbara la rocco

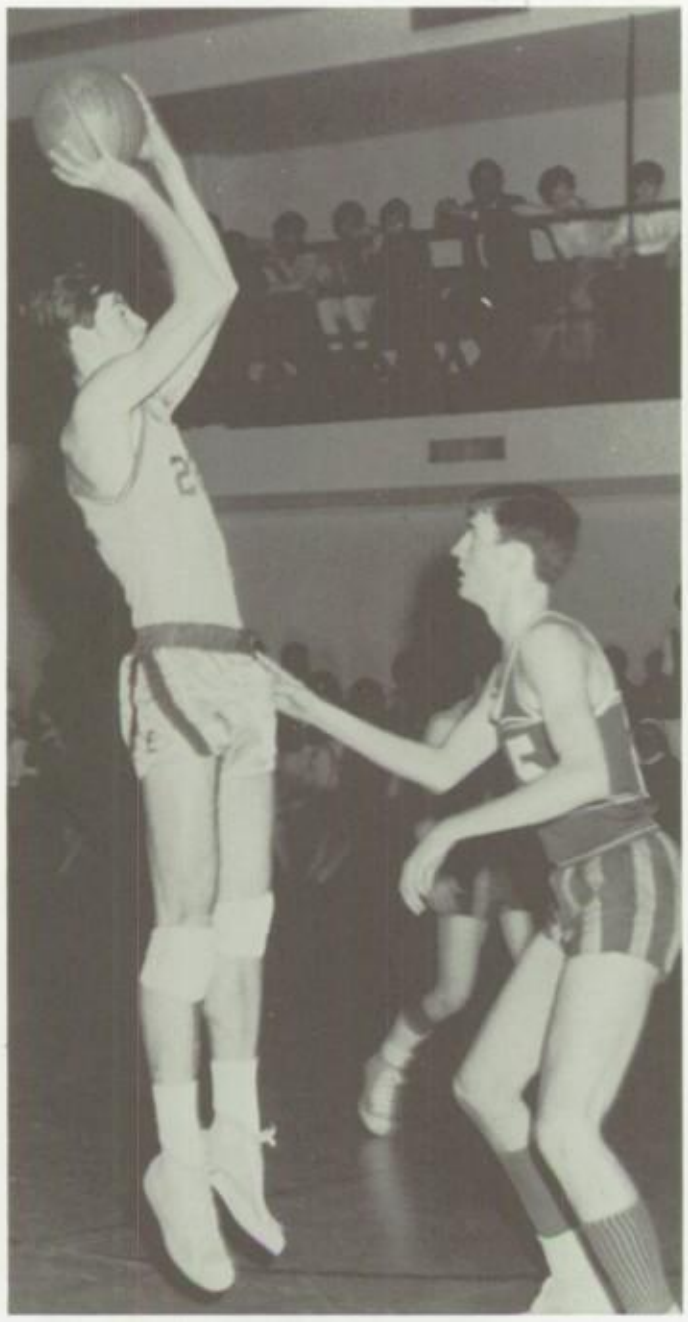
we are the affluent society
living in a world
of color t.v. and air conditioned cars,
of mini-skirts and maxi-credit,
of discothèques, boutiques, and "instant-ons";
a world of color, warmth, and luxury.

and yet,
we stuff our mouths with psychedelic colored pills
to stand the knowledge
of the gaps of credibility, generation, and communication.
to forget the sights and sounds
of ghettos, wars, and suicides;
to blot out the greediness and hate

a generation with everything and nothing,
a generation born with the silver spoon in its mouth,
a generation born to taste the tarnish.

helen hower

N2225U

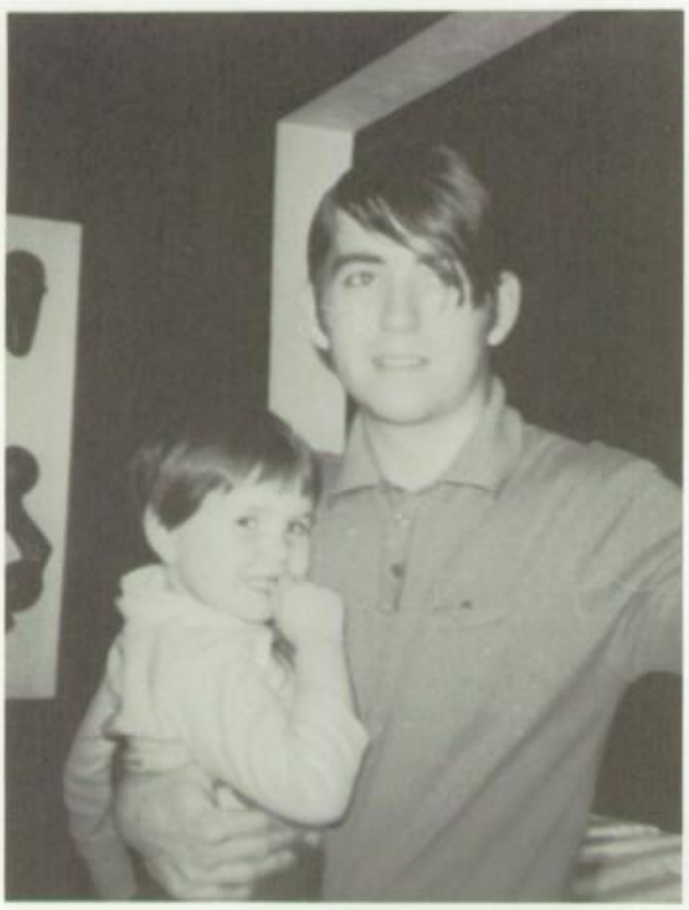


we're
from
elizabeth,
couldn't
be
prouder . . . .

off in the horizon the sun's majestic rays
signaled with their gleaming beauty an end to another day.
a budding rose seems to leap at the last gleam of light;
a fading rose sways sadly at the coming night.

from the graceful skyscrapers people rush to buses and cars:
headlights and streetlights twinkling like evening stars,
some eagerly awaiting a bright new day,
others wearily shuffling on their way.

dan meyer

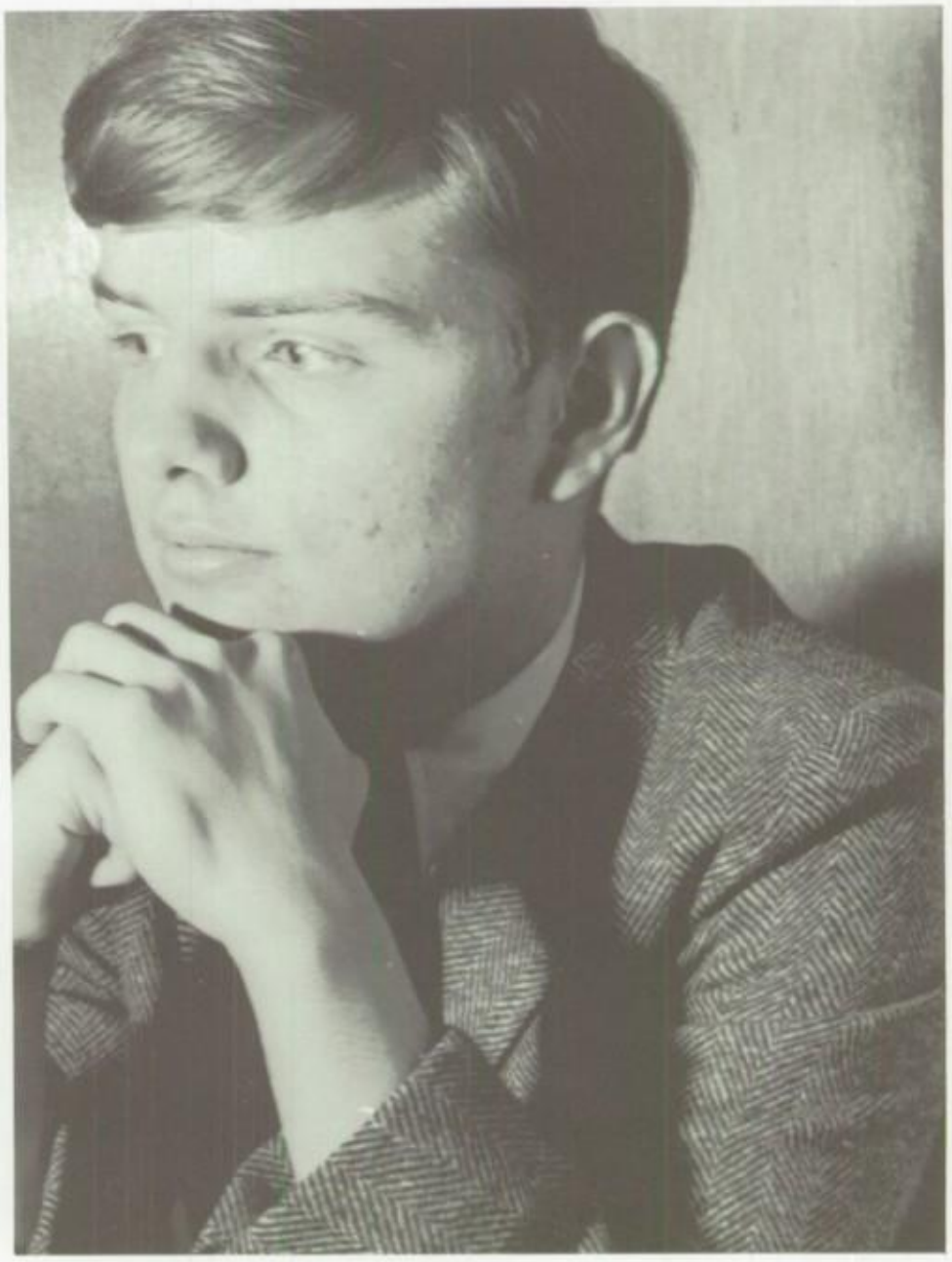


man does not live
by
bread alone:
people
faith
hope, despair
doing
loving
being.
man has tried
bread
as single/double
replacement
but
all he has is
bread,
and bread
gets stale.

i am
myself.
in need
of no one . . .
nothing.

uncaring
self-sufficient
and indifferent.
i am . . .
alone.

rose ann opferman



i really don't understand
it -- love? but i'll
take it part by part,
because i know i have
it, i can feel it in
my heart.

the guitar strums soft chords
of moonlight and
august evenings and
someone special,
while the fire
stretches to meet the flaming sky
and form one entity.
her chestnut hair
cascades over a sun-tanned face
and she smiles–
and his brown eyes
reflect the light of the fire
and reply with tenderness.
they clasp hands and
run and run,
digging barefeet purposely
into the warm sand.
racing, leaping,
the moon lights the way
and the stars
twinkle encouraging signs.
over the rocks of the jetty
they climb;
and he helps her when she stumbles
and her embrace wills him to go on.
the sharpness
cuts into their feet, but they
hurry and hurry
to meet the sea . . .
and life.

maureen atkinson

words are mere
expressions of the tongue
that mean little
unless there is love.
love can be
without these words,
and so much
more is said.

nature was his
to manifest its marvels
for his discovery.

it gave him beauty
  and the shade of an arbor
  to rest and find peace.
it gave him the sun
  for heat and light,
  and rain to cool
  his over-heated body.
and it provided him
  with its bounty for food
  and creatures
  to serve his progress.
progress
  which would unravel
  its mysteries
  to his probing mind.
but he was alone.
and then his omniscient God
  gave him a woman
to love him.

if i think only of myself
put my needs before those of others
why should i feel selfish?

if i feel no compassion for those less fortunate than i
why should i feel ashamed?

god tells me to love
if i love only my family and friends
why should i feel disobedient?

if i ignore those who need help
why should i feel unkind?

all men are brothers
why do men hate
is lethargy better than hatred?

why should i reach out to people?
why should i care?
if i do not, "who will?"

marianne petrauskas

muddy waters
and his electric amp
(everybody uses electric amps now)
played till the people
got up and
stamped their feet
and
peter, paul, and mary
came running on stage
and
called to the crowd
"stand up and get with it"
and some did.

Sandro
I won't say Never
forget Spanish Oasis
because I think
that will stick
in our minds for
a long time.
Good Luck in All
you do.
RMA
Bill

PEPSI
PEPSI

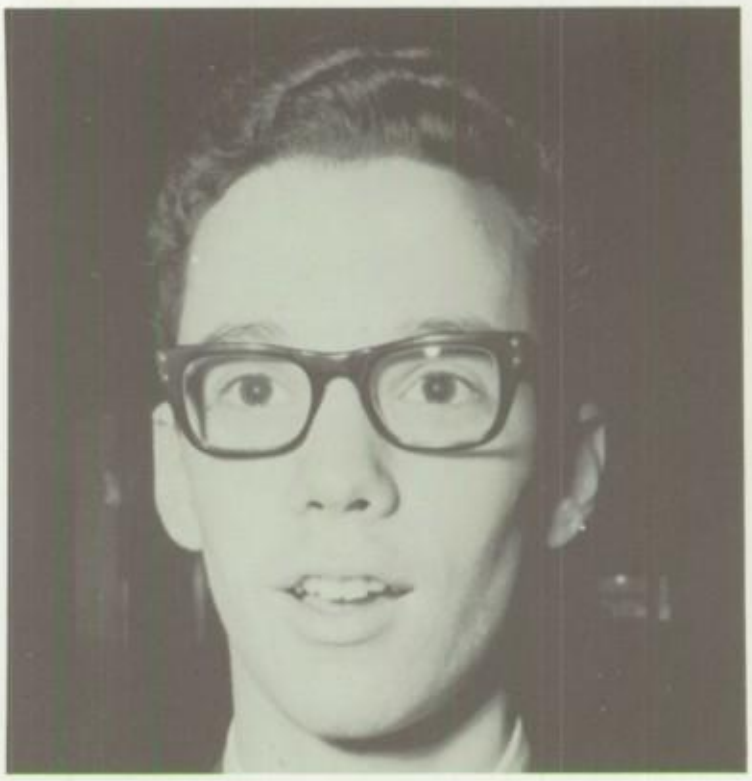
raindrops fall to the soft warm soil.
a robin perches on a telephone wire.
renaissance of life.

the sun beats down on parched meadows,
a panting dog laps water from a shrunken brook.
days grow longer.

odors of succulent turkey permeate the air.
rosy cheeked children parade the streets.
brown leaves crumble.

trees reach out with branches naked,
black silhouettes against a desolute sky.
life lies dormant.

mary ann kirchner



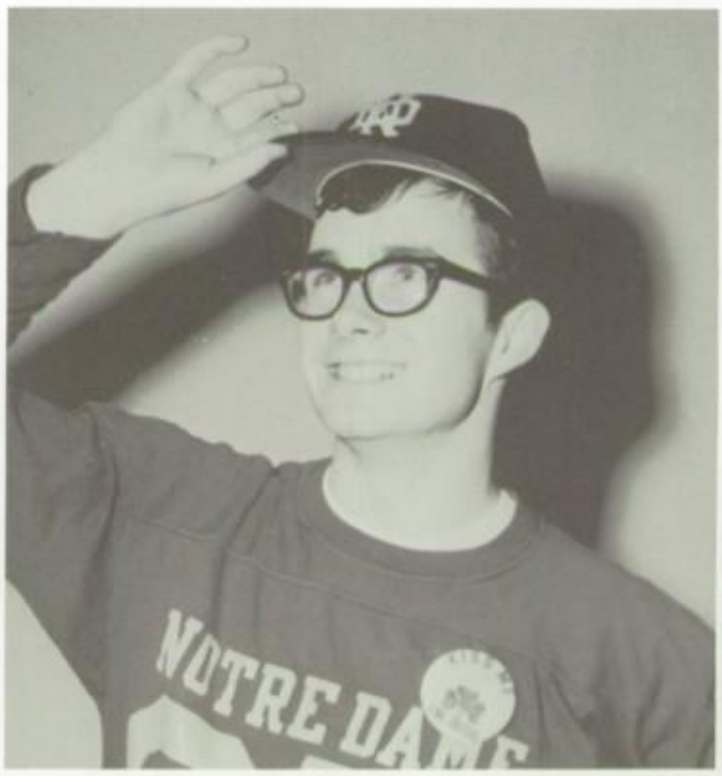
yesterday,
everyman made a mistake;
he lay on the carpet and stared through the window.

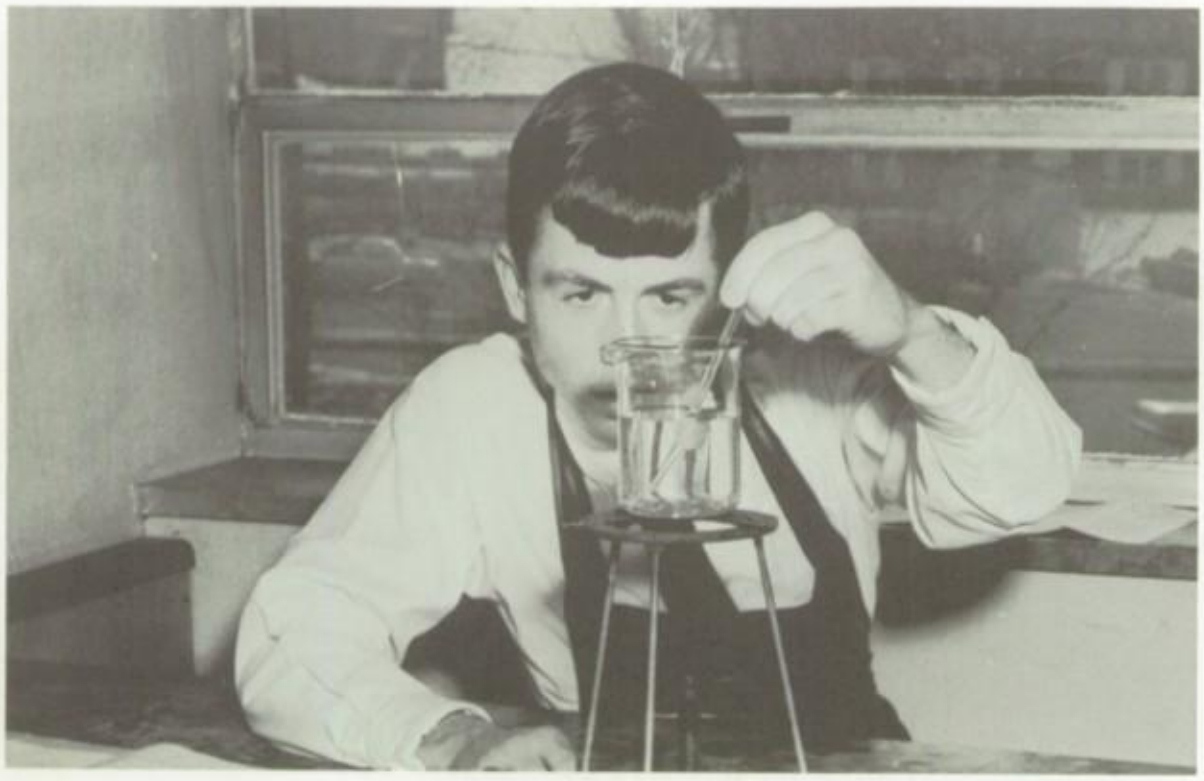
it was a gray day, brown grass, and bare, black branches.
he lay on the carpet and the shadows deepened
  imperceptibly, shade by shade.
a brittle leaf rattled across the pavement,
  descended to the gutter, scuttered along it.
a flurry of dead twigs lept around the corner,
  tapped against the window.
the branches of the willow tree twisted upward and
  around, winding and unwinding in coils of motion,
  thrashing in confusion against the wind.
the gutter leaves wrenched from their corner,
  thrown to the heavens;
grass flattened in a wide circle, rising to its full
  height in a spiral spiralling to meet the branches
  ripped from the tree,
whirling in a frenzy of motion
lashing the windows
beating upon the door–

he turned the page to a glossy view of the lake in summer.

barbara miller

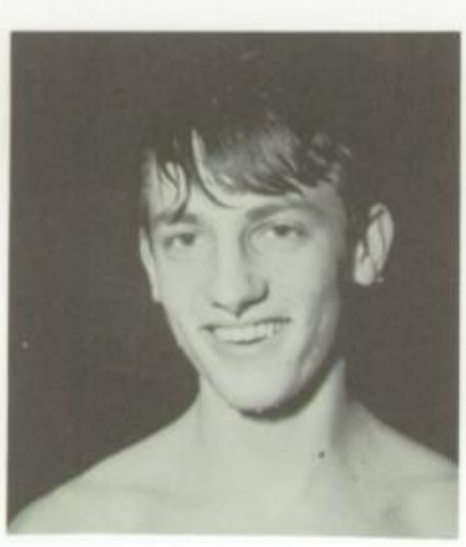
there's a time
when
trying is easy,
the time when
you haven't done enough
to be doing it
again.
and you've done enough
to want to do
more.
that's the time
when
after each time you fail
there's another time
you have
to try.





the microscope
of my intellect
analyzes each
new revelation
and locks this jigsaw
piece into place.
yet i can't complete
the whole puzzle
without advancing
to know others.

barbara purtell



once i saw an elephant
he looked quite sad
i think i know why elephants seem to be sad
they are remembering their old good times
if they are happy like that, it is good.

once i saw a rabbit
he looked quite scared
afraid to commit himself in any way
it wasn't his fault, that's just the way he was
i suppose he could have tried harder though.

once i saw a peacock
he looked very proud
his feathers were
nice
but he walked with a limp
i don't like peacocks any more.

once i saw a deer
he looked quite beautiful
he radiated a certain peace and well-being
i am sorry that i scared him.
i like deers.

once i saw a man
he looked quite sad, scared, proud, beautiful.
i hate people that are mixed up
i don't like mirrors any more.

timothy stukus

telling me what to do, and believe,
reproduced on an insignificant piece
of wax not worth a millionth of the
thoughts of mine. love is what they talk
about, an oasis in a world of cold
linoleum and mahogany. pretty girls,
masterpieces of the greatest artists and
geometers, reproduced on a piece of paper,
guided by numbers. we are born into a
steady flow of domination which, heaven
forbid, if ever broken shall reek the
torments of an angry people who are
self-appointed pinnacles of justice. He
must be amused every time He looks
into His aquarium and sees a world of
blind people leading the gullible. men
of little will kiss a hand because of
a title in a fit of respect for a state
of mind which they don't understand. it
must be the right hand of salvation
because of the mysticism and forbidden
sight of an imperial cluster of rotten
remains of persons who'd rather forget
the world and reap the blessings of a
life of swimming pools and lemonade with descartes
and aristophanes. this poor soul has to
listen to the preachings of a philosophy which
preaches the non-existance of a world
which he has become addicted to. portraits
and poems become the toys of an ignorant
hand of barbarians who happen to possess
the universal form of patience, toil, and
deprevation. man in his boundless ingenuity
doesn't realize that he's painting himself
into a crimson corner.

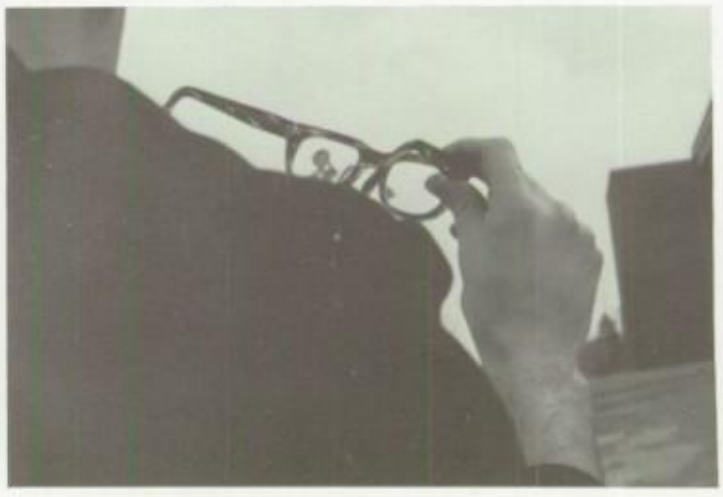
john schafer

reality . . . is there such a thing?
boxes within boxes,
riddles within enigmas,
each succeeding truth surpassed by greater truths . . .
phoenix-like . . . rising from the ashes of the dead.
masked, and to what purpose?
clouded . . .
clear . . .
like a brook in spring . . .
refreshing to touch, chilling . . .
exciting . . . she's like this . . .
not speaking, but not silent . . .
saying more with a glance,
as she hurries by . . .
eyes sparkling like sunlight on clear water . . .
laughing through the shade, from ray to ray . . .
out-running the wind . . .
life is to be enjoyed . . . aged, fine wine.
she knows . . .
minutes are years . . .
and every year an eternity . . .
the only reality is that man's days,
are as few as sparrow's tears . . .
as short as a child's breath . . .
and as happy as he lives them . . .

jim feduska

the world was gay!

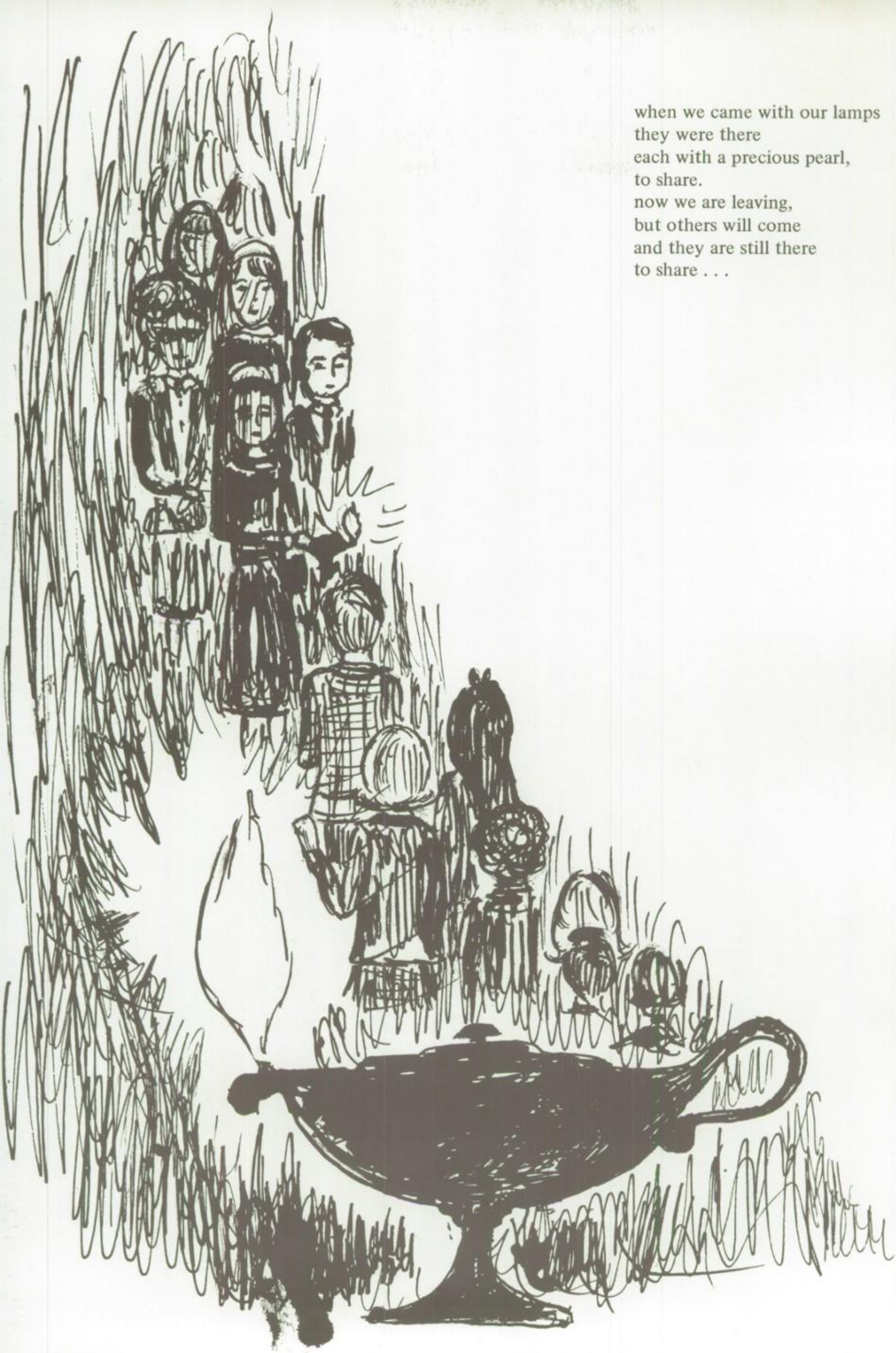
. . . and so was i!



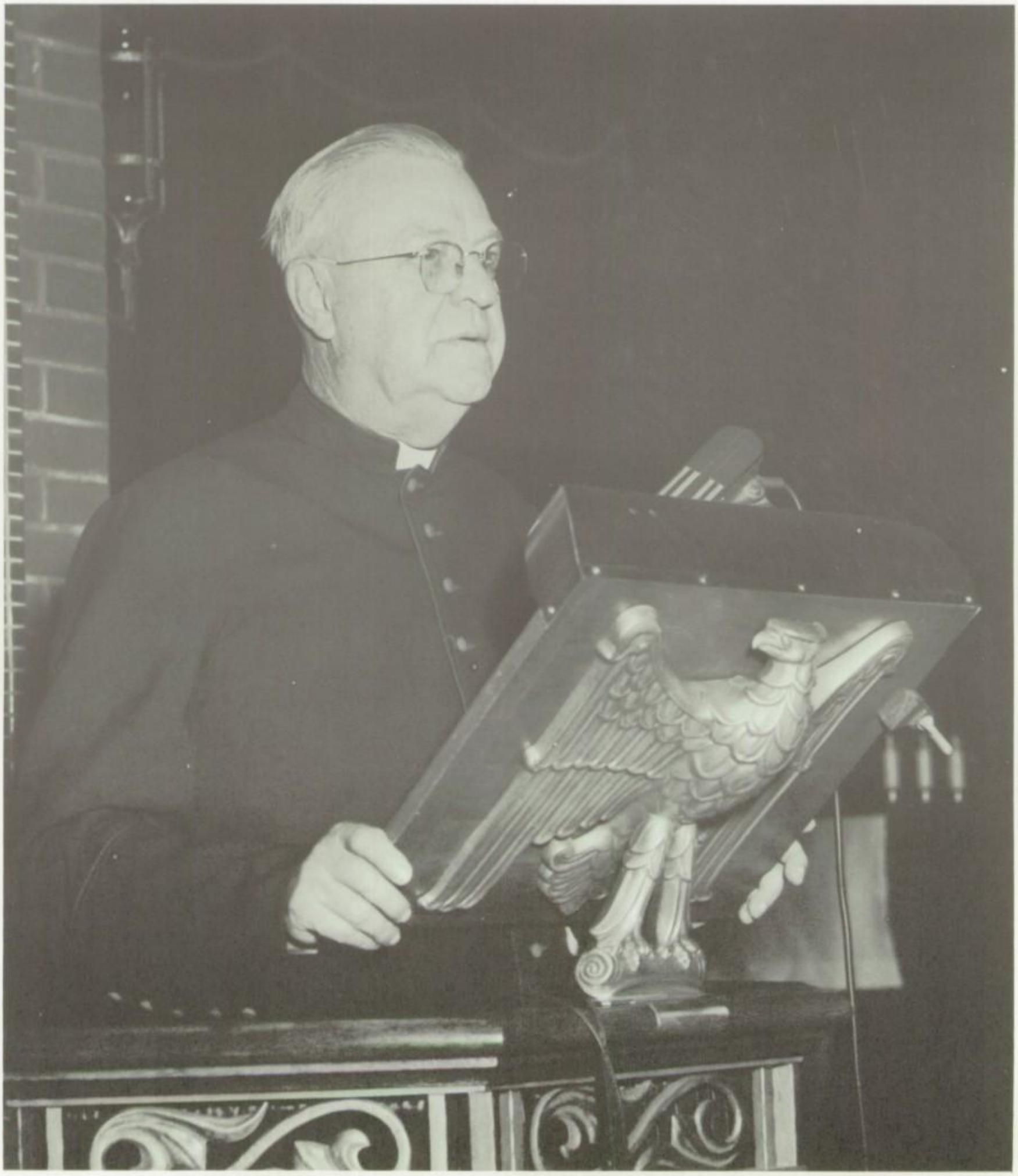
the intricate snowflake melts
into a drop of water
and loses its pattern
to a flowing pool.

the intricate man blends
into a member of a crowd
and loses his person
to a roaming mass.

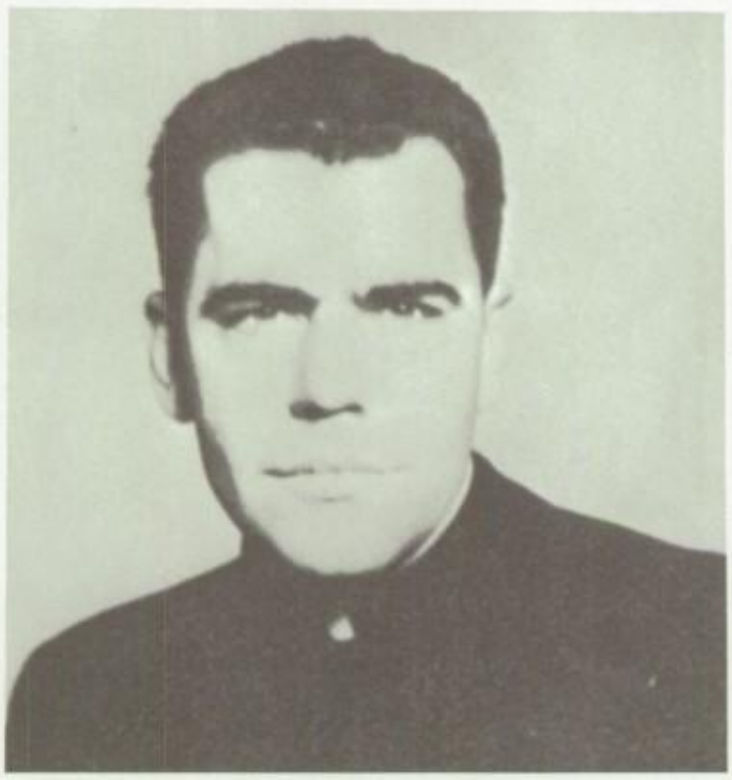
nancy schneider



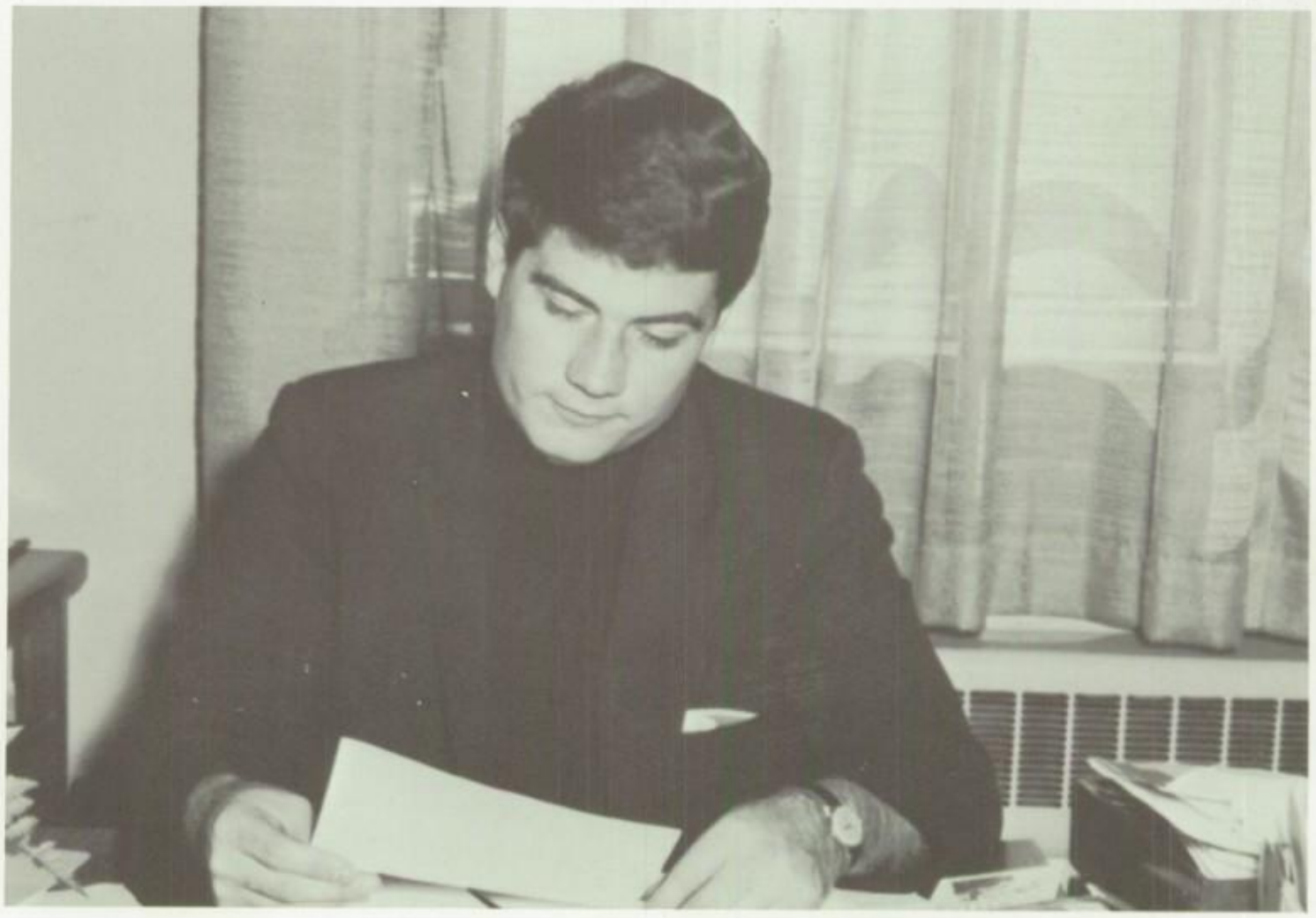
when we came with our lamps
they were there
each with a precious pearl,
to share.
now we are leaving,
but others will come
and they are still there
to share . . .



msgr. henry i. immekus, pastor



rev. j. david crowley



rev. john bresch

sister m. urban
principal

miss kathleen schade

mr. robert roemer

you can tell
a teacher . . . .

sister m. adrian

sister m. stephen

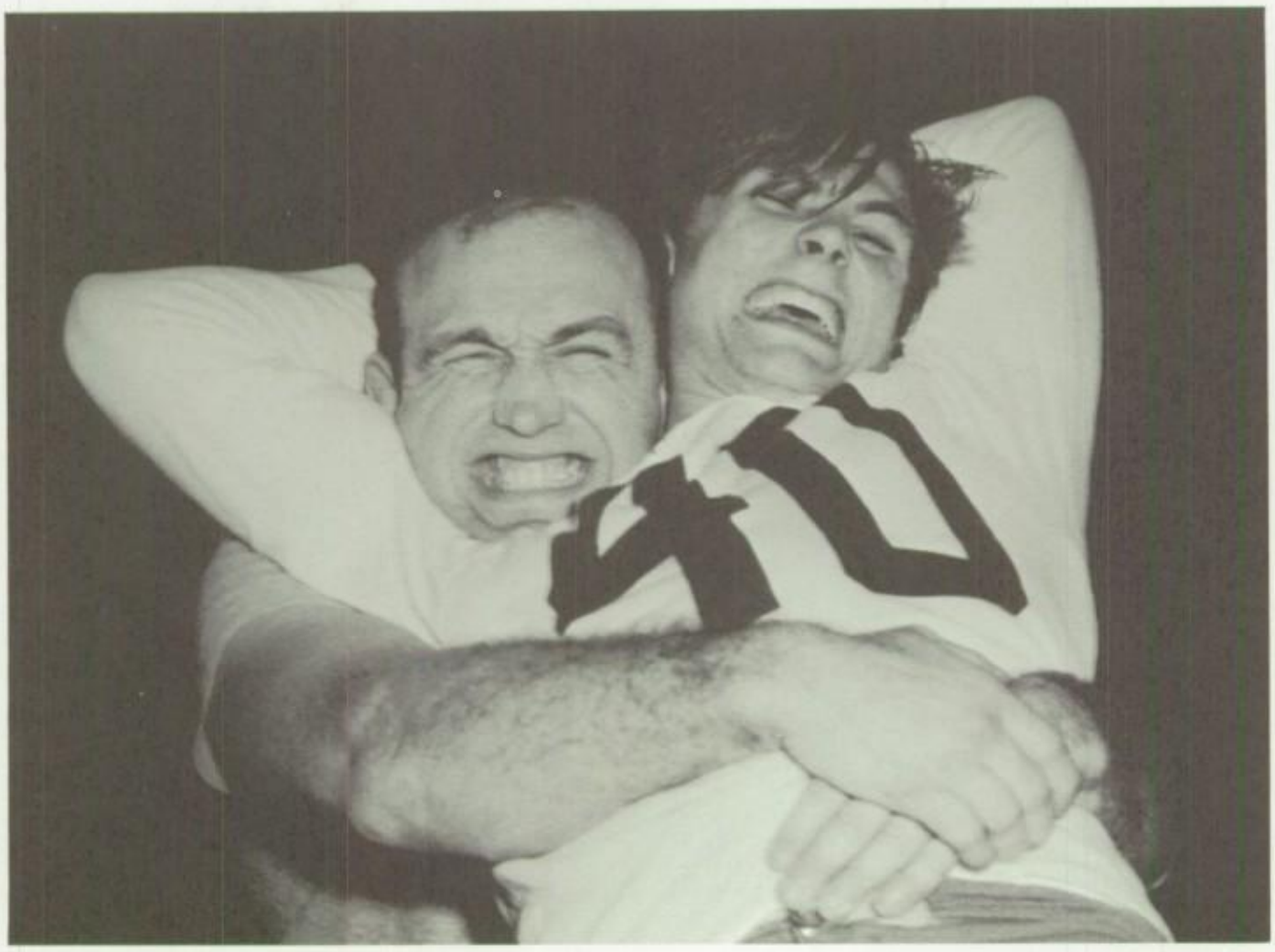
mr. calvert chesliegh

sister mary clare

sister mary jean

sister m. carmen

mr. bernard matthews



raymond kosmach
mr. robert eckley

you can tell a junior . . . .

mrs. dorothy lombardi
barbara la rocca

john austin
william bailey

nancy black
dianne blank
jmes blosel
mary cambest
peter chapon

julie christobek
philip codelka

judith collins
pauline conley

joseph cusick
kathy doud

carl frank
kathy galardini

michael giordano
carl grefenstette

linda guerra
william hannan

david jason
linda jordan
dennis kearney
theresa kroll
barbara la rocca

mary laufer

joseph lennon

cindy lewis

mary ann mackewich

brian mang

margie mc guirk

nanette missig

paul pasquarelli

marianne petrauskas

frank porell

thomas reutzel

doris shivley

margaret schneider

beverly semko

marsha shamhorst

juliana shayne

thomas riedl

rosemary russo

jane ryan

barbara shanck

mrs. judy lorrigan

sandra sheiding

janet smith

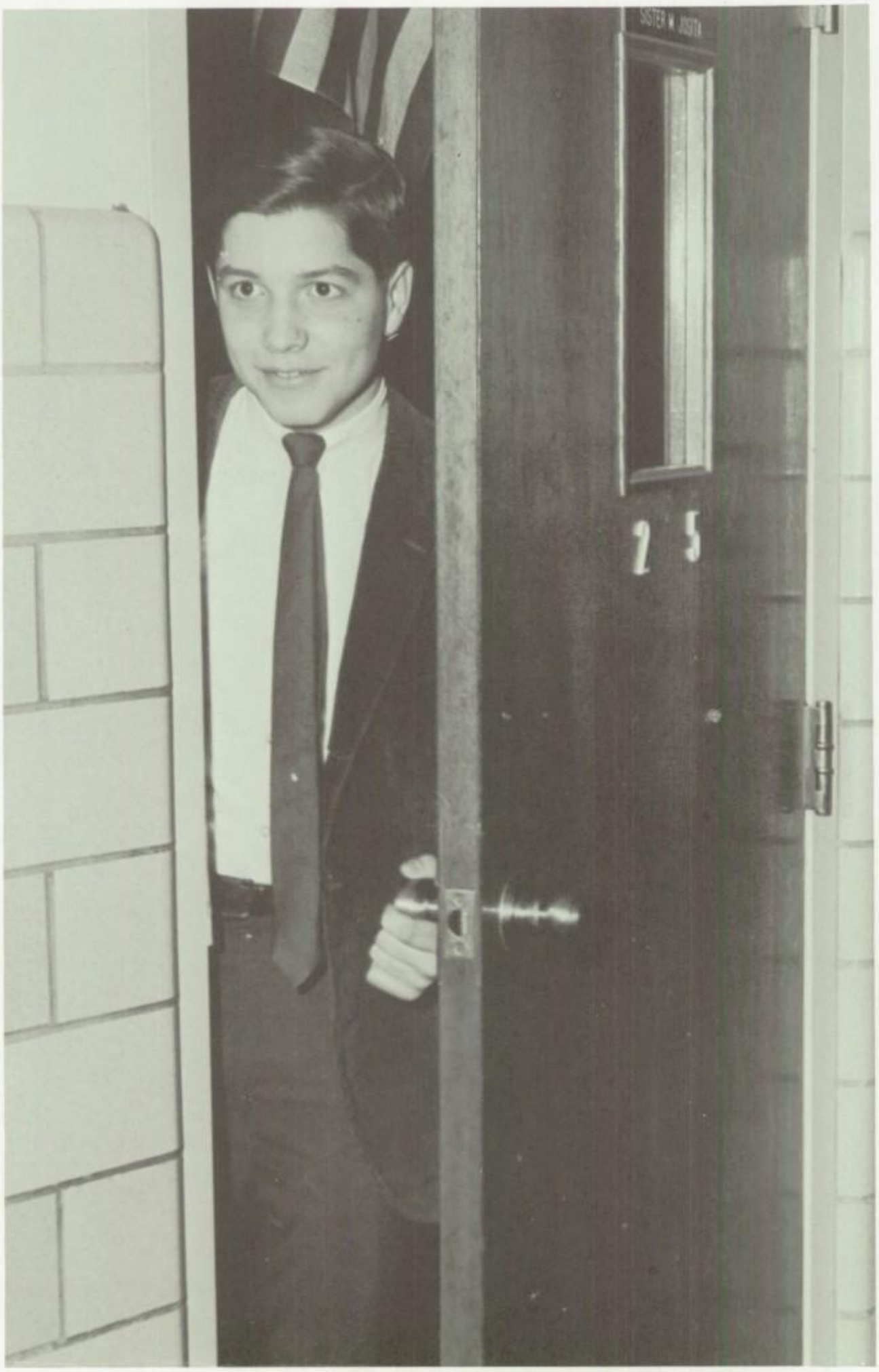
jean spina

robert walther

bill waugamann

ed young

you can tell
a sophomore . . . .



sister m aloysius janet purtell mr. robert eckley

mary gay abbott
tom austin
sue bieranowski
diane brennfleck
janis carey

elizabeth charney
kathy cocchiola
maureen conley
bonny cunningham
joanne cusick

david de majistre
linda de ross
rita dobosh
lee doud
kevin doyle

marty ducko
chuck durica
colleen erbel
tom feduska
jean felix

susan fishburn
kirk fitzpatrick
robert fortunato
kathy geyer
jim gregory

linda hain
dick herald
chuck imbrogno
jo ann jackson
harry kilvanik

jim kirby
mary dee knorr
dave kosmach
barbara lagnese
joan laufer

sister m. sylvia

cindy leibold
marsha mang

janet maurer
coleen mc cullough

maureen mc evoy
elaine mc gann

marilyn mc lane
nancy mc master

chris miller
kevin nowe

patice page
marilyn pasquarelli
patty pierce
sandro pollice
cheryl pritchard

janet purtell

debbie riedl

mark rodgers

patti rosenzweig

norma ryan

claudia santina

bill seach

debbie santina

donna shultz

robin slantis

diane smith

rick steedle

greg stephenson

jeff stoker

veronica streever

pat sullivan

karen talerico

connie unitas

pat vazzana

kathy wahl

ann werntz

kathy williamson

mark yochum

mark young

mrs. angela barker

mr. john mc vay

mrs. marie detig
secretary

sister m. georgine
vice-principal

you can tell
a freshman . . . .

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sister m. roberta

elizabeth austin
robert atkinson
teresa barbarich
elizabeth barker
tim barry

kenneth black
mark bonasorte
martha buck
david burkhart
william buys

maralyn carroll
cal chesleigh
roxanne chock
cheryl clark
timothy codelka

tom codelka
denise colanero
dianne colanero

marie conolly
robert curotola
albert czapiti

barbara dobosh
jeff engel
richard farrell
raymond fisher
sally foley

doreen ford
william frank
kathryn gouker
john grefenstette
jay group

sally heaney
h. hower
edward hurley
william inbrogno
thomas jarosh

sister m. josita

kevin kempf

pat kenny

francis kiley

john killosky

mary anne kirchner

theresa koth

patty lysaght

richard maher

thea mercedes

maureen mavrinac

melissa mc evoy

daniel meyer

cindy miller

terri miller

neil missig

david morycz

deborah nowe

kathleen o'brien

mike o'sullivan

donald puglio

dan purtell
ann reinhart
marianne reuter
john riedl
denise rigatti

cynthis rodgers
suzanne romeo
barbara ross
juliette russo
bill ryan

susan scanga
marianne shaffer
paul shatlock
sarah showalter
diane smith

debbie speck
christine sprung
paula streever
colleen sullivan
donna surrenda

lorraine tomasko
kathleen tracey
chuck urban
stephen vail
donna vant

david van wassen
nicholas vitullo
dan wahl
karen walker
daniel walther

robert wessol
howard whetzel
susan yorkgitis
edward zupancic

we've searched for
that particular feature
which makes each of us
unquestionably unique:
"gullible," "a spendthrift,"
"about right," "a fussbudget,"
"cool," "logical," "humble,"
"a desert hole believer,"
"not so bad after all,"
"a wilted flower-child,"
"indescribably delicious . . . . "
in each of us
is
the prism of individuality
refracting the brilliant rays
of the human person.
we are involved
with people, things, and ideas
and we will paint our future
with our commitment—
we are the class of '68.

Mary Rita Collins

William Farnsworth

Joan Petrauskas

Rose Ann Opfermann

Ellen Black

Robert Lennon

Mark A. Weis

Joanne Heath

Mercedes Marchetti

Margaret Mc Connell

Richard Eckel

Susan Mc Master

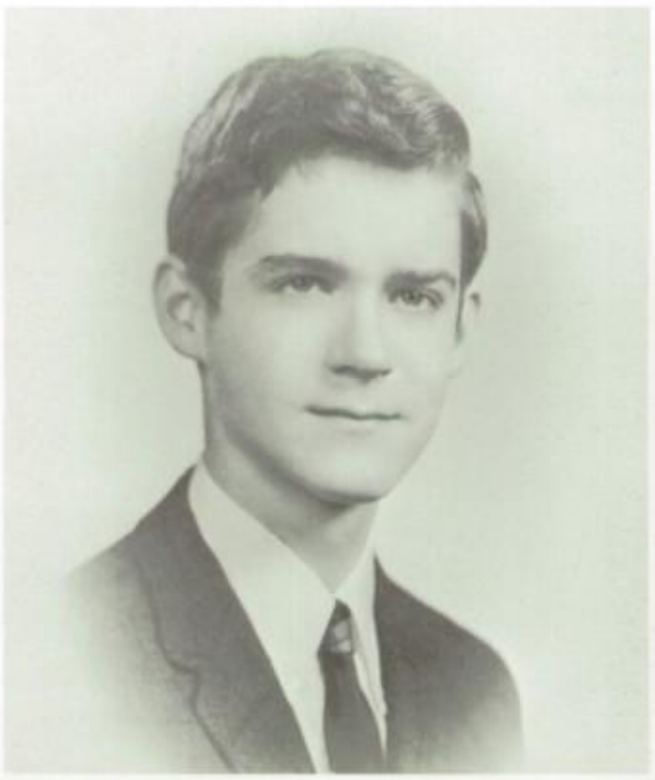
Teresa Koechel

John Gajewski

Raymond J. Koomack Jr.

Ann Schindel

Mary Herald



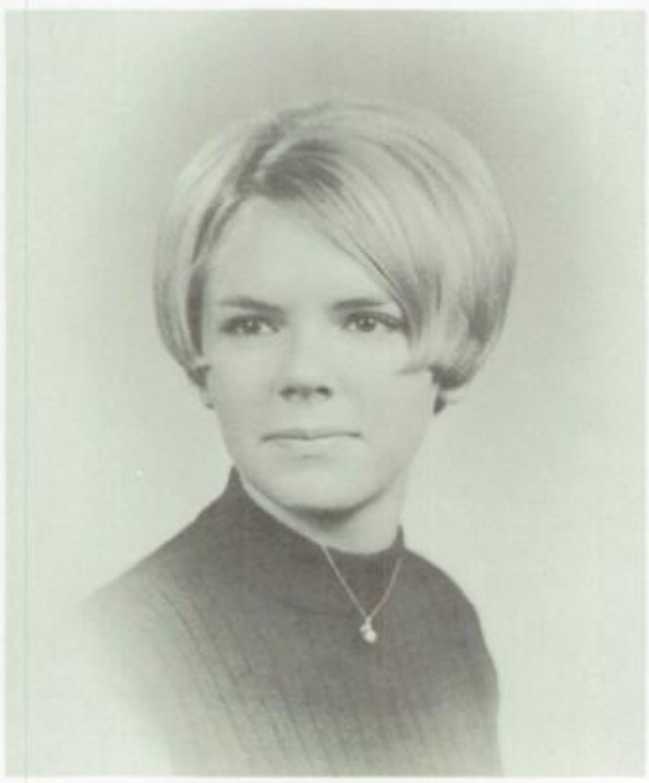
Keith Meyer

Joe Ann LeBlanc

Thomas Cuscino

Timothy Stokes

Kathleen Rodgers



Mary Ann Stiff

Philip Heidenreich

Richard Krampe

Jill Kujawski

Daniel O'Leary

Janet Nelson

Robert Echard

Mary Lysaght

Lynn Aritas

Thomas Steedle

Diane Huerl

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Carol Borell

Nancy Schneider

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Marianne Friedmann

Charlene Yost

Donna Heil Chock

Barbara Purtell

Richard Vaneiko

Marta Rigatti

Kathleen Surenda

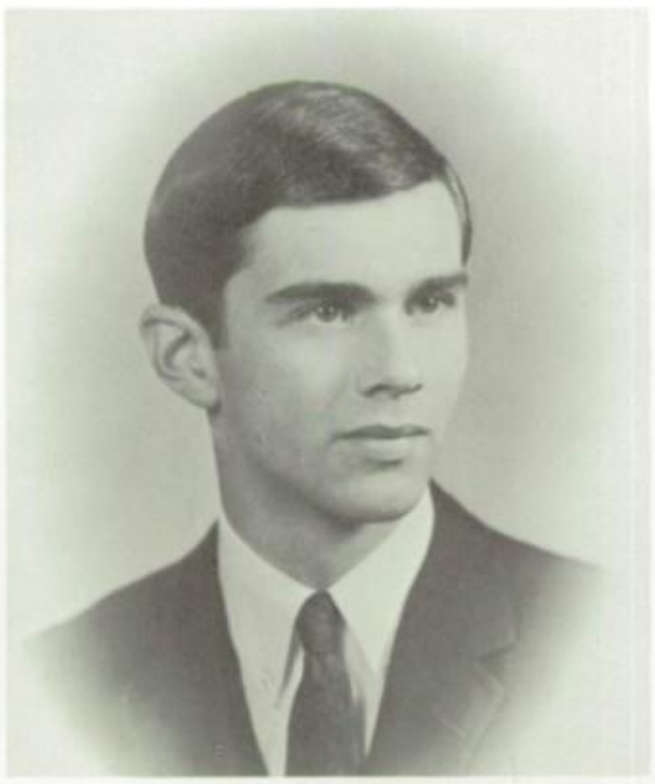
Susan Schaaf

Nancy Pierce

William Mulligan

Susan Connell

Judy Fee



William Coleman

Lewis Liddle

Alan Romanoski

Linda Maurer

Lynn Sullivan

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Patricia Guthrie

David M. Wahl

James Fedusko

Barbara Miller

Suzanne Campbell

Deborah Greenway

Nicholas Grosso

Maureen Atkinson

Patricia Foster

Edward Cranecki

Rosemarie LoCicero

Rosemarie Rath

Carol Morally

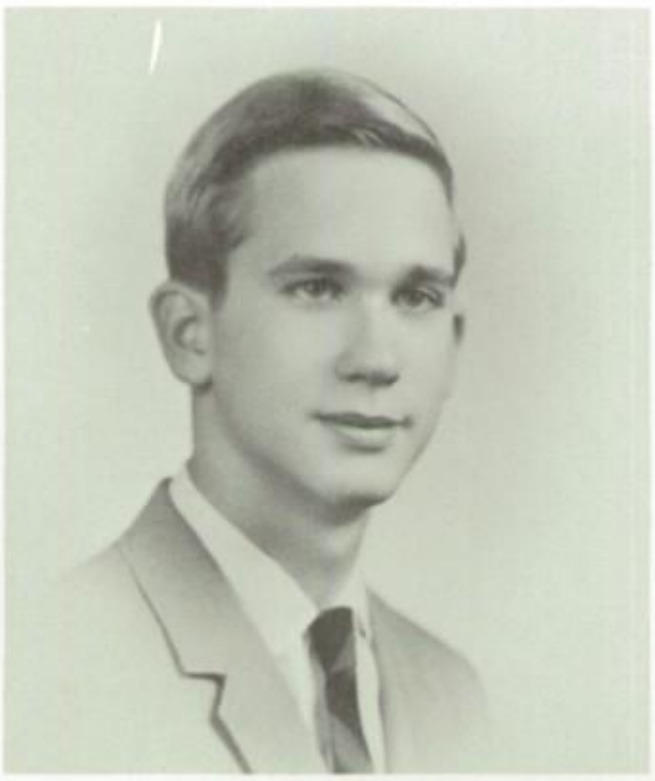
Patrick Kelly

John McCullough

Doreen Burkhart

Mary Bassert

Donald Campbell



Mark VanWassem

Claire Franklin

Francis Lazo

Barbara McCarthy

Barbara Krupensky

Michael Heaney

Kenneth Fanesali

Linda Albrecht

John Schafer

Sharon Ringling

David Bachman

Francine Lozo

Andrew Urban

80

Janet Wilson

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Marianne Fishburn
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Doreen Ford
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Claire Franklin
A Friend
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A Friend
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Mr. Ralph Green
R. E. Griscom
Mrs. Harry W. Grix
Mr. and Mrs. Grondziowski
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Mrs. Gubola
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Dolores Guthrie
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Carole Keppel
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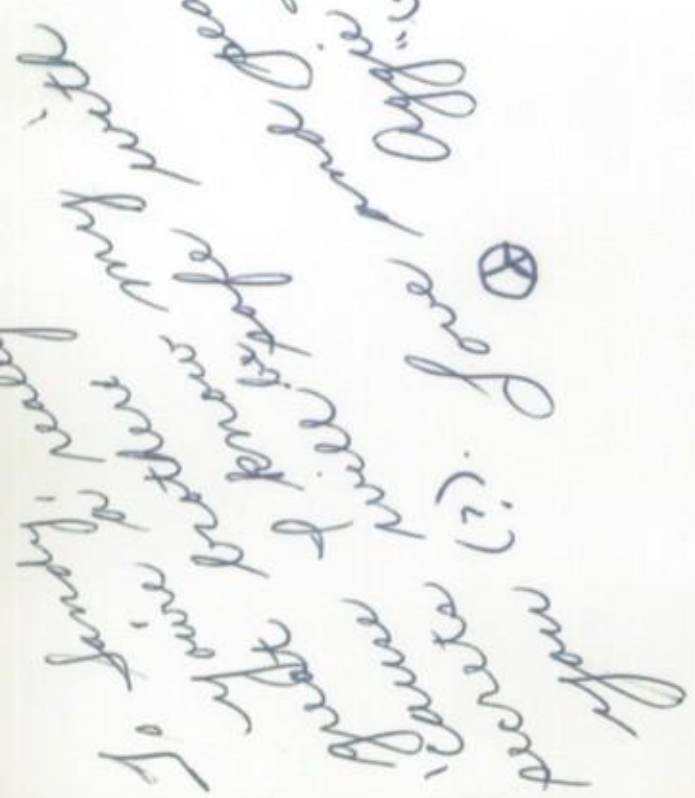
rose ann opferman
pat kelly
sister m. clare, adviser
barbara purtell



This book printed by VELVATONE, a special process of lithographic printing. Sole producers: Wm. J. Keller Inc., Buffalo, N. Y. *No other printing firm* is authorized to use the Velvatone method.

Sandra,
a nice bid
in a great class.
Keep your sweet
personality.
Lots of luck
in everything you
do.

Marilyn
'70

Sandra, a real
nice kid with
a great personality
& great luck and
all of your
Love
Cindy

Sandy.
Paareal
cool kid, with a
real swinging personality
I Hope you make it Yes.
RMA.
Sue

Sandra,
To a really cool sophomore
whom I'm looking forward to be
working with for many great hours
& Stars & in the future. Good luck
always!
Pete '70

Sandra,
I'm one of the
nicest sophomores
around. I'll never forget our
highschool years and years
a Saints Gals.
R.M.A.
Adrienne

Sandra,
To a cool kid
who is taking me
to Italy this
summer Rembrandt
all the good times
we've had together
Love
Kay

Sandra,
I'm a great
kid and classmate.
Good Luck always Patsie

To the best friend
I have. We've done
so much that I can't begin
Stay the great guy you are!
Stick to Parliaments!
Dave '69

Sandra,
Never forget our
great sophomore
class and Sotre
Carmen. Also
our great dance
especially the one
when Jeanie was
with Kevin
Always
Lee

To Sandra
The one and only
(THANK HEAVEN)
Wendy-Dayton

Sandro Polis (?),
well at least it's
better than Frank
Porell.
Tom '70
I'm sorry Frank.

Sandra,
It's a real
privilege
to have
known you.
Remember me and
all our groovy
times.
L.M.A.
Elaine
"70"